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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME L. CHICAGO, JANUARY 22, 1903. NUMBER 21

HO FOR CALIFORNIA!

FOR the information of those interested in the series of meetings to be held on the Pacific Coast during the month of March under the auspices of the Congress of Religion, the following rates are published.

Tickets can be obtained at any of the general ticket offices in Chicago and passengers can leave or return over any of the standard trunk lines running westward from Chicago. This itinerary is suggested on the assumption that the series of meetings will begin in southern California, moving northward to Portland and Tacoma, the speakers returning via Salt Lake City, Ogden, Denver, Omaha, etc.

ROUND TRIP TICKETS

Via New Orleans or El Paso, returning same or via Ogden through Wyoming, or Colorado, etc.	$110.00
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Going via same, return via Portland and St. Paul	123.50
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First class or standard cars, Chicago to Los Angeles or San Francisco	$14.00
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From Omaha, Kansas City and other Missouri River points a rate of $2.50 less. Cheaper rates on tourists' sleepers given on application.

Further information given, tickets and berths secured on application to the

GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION,
3939 LANGLEY AVENUE, CHICAGO.

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

The Congress of Religion.

WORK ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

After extended and careful correspondence, the interest developed and the spirit of co-operation found among the friends on the Pacific slope, have made it seem best that instead of concentrating our efforts in one meeting in San Francisco and vicinity, we should arrange a more extended Congress itinerary for the month of March and thus touch more centers, deepen the acquaintance between the believers in co-operation across mountains as well as across creeds and races, thus to prepare the way for a more representative rally of the resident friends of co-operation and religious fellowship later along.

The following tentative route is laid out: The eastern speakers will travel westward by the southern route and proceed northward on the coast, returning to Chicago by one of the northern routes. As many points will be touched and meetings arranged for as can be included during the month of March.

Dr. H. W. Thomas and his wife, Mrs. Vandelia Thomas, are now in California, and are prepared to fill engagements to speak at once. Their headquarters will be at Los Angeles, and they can be reached through the General Delivery at that Post Office.

Definite announcement is made that Dr. E. G. Hirsch and E. P. Powell of Clinton, N. Y., Vice Presidents of the Congress, Rev. R. A. White and Dr. Paul Carus, Directors, and Jenkin Lloyd Jones, General Secretary, will take part in this itinerary, and if adequate arrangements can be made, others will join in this mission in the interest of the harmonies, this fellowship itinerary. It is proposed to hold no longer than one day session in a place, and single meetings or single lectures will be provided for as far as practicable. When possible it is hoped that local committees will arrange for the co-operation of the ministers and churches in the vicinity.

Individual speakers can be engaged to lecture or preach as far as time will permit.

Special lecture topics will be furnished on application.

The following subjects are suggested for Congress discussion:

"The Harmonies of the Universal Faith; or, The Common Hopes of Humanity," led by Rev. H. W. Thomas.

"The Harmonies of Scholarship; or, The Unities of Knowledge," led by Dr. E. G. Hirsch.

"The Unities of Sociology; or, The Needs of Civic Piety," led by Rev. R. A. White.

"The Common Grounds of the Sects; or, The Unities of Worship," led by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

As soon as possible we hope to transfer the details of this itinerary into the hands of local agents. Meanwhile correspondence is solicited by the General Secretary.

Meetings can be arranged for *en route*, at New Orleans, if the most southern route is taken, or at Kansas City, Lawrence or Topeka, if the other route is taken. Pasadena, Los Angeles, San Diego, Santa Barbara, San Francisco, Berkeley, Leland Stanford University, San Jose, Sacramento, Portland, Tacoma, Helena, Salt Lake City, Denver, Colorado Springs, and Omaha, are among the possibilities in about the order named.

No financial conditions will be exacted from any locality beyond the local expenses of advertising, room, etc. But it is hoped that the Congress will be sufficiently sustained to meet the traveling expenses of the speakers, and it is expected that this *minimum* sum will be assured by the friends at the known centers of interest so that all places desiring meetings and willing to arrange for them can enjoy the same without financial exactions.

Among the friends on the Pacific Coast who have already expressed their interest and willingness to co-operate as local committee and who solicit further correspondence are the following: Dr. David Starr Jordan, Leland Stanford University; Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton, Chaplain Leland Stanford University; Rabbi Jacob Voorsanger, San Francisco; Rev. Charles R. Brown, Pastor First Congregationalist Church, Oakland, Cal.; Rev. Edward L. Parsons, Protestant Episcopal Church, San Mateo, Cal., Rev. F. L. Hosmer, Berkley, Cal., Rabbi Stephens Wise, Portland, Ore., Rev. Alfred W. Morton, Tacoma, Wash. We are assured of the co-operation of many others, but our correspondence is not yet sufficiently advanced to warrant the publication of their names in this issue.

Annual Membership $5.00. Life Membership $25.00. Societies $10.00 and upwards.

Suggestions, contributions and inquiries from any friends on the Pacific Coast are now in order. Also from any friends, ministers or otherwise, living to the eastward, who will be interested in joining in this campaign of fellowship and co-operation in the interest of things held in common. Address

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, General Secretary, 3939 Langley Ave., Chicago.

Copies of this Circular will be mailed in any number to friends asking for them.

UNITY

VOLUME L. THURSDAY, JANUARY 22, 1903. NUMBER 21

1803—Ralph Waldo Emerson—1903.

The 25th of May next will be the one hundredth anniversary of Ralph Waldo Emerson's birthday. It is fitting that such an event should receive recognition at the hands of the loving and the loyal.

UNITY, anxious to confess its indebtedness to the great name and to interpret the significant occasion, has asked a half hundred or more of representative men and women on both sides of the Atlantic to send to its columns such word of appreciation in prose or poetry as their own hearts or circumstances may dictate.

From some of these friends we have asked for articles on special topics assigned. From others we will welcome such spontaneous word of appreciation as may come uninvited from their hearts.

The following have already indicated their acceptances: Prof. W. T. Harris, Washington, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, Miss Edith M. Thomas, John W. Chadwick, William C. Gannett, Prof. H. W. Carruth, Geo. W. Cooke, Rev. Daniel Evans, Washington Gladden, besides several others who have promised to "wait for the moving of the waters." Answers have not had time to reach us from many others.

We propose to begin the publication of these articles at an early date and they will be continued up to and beyond the anniversary event.

In order to reach as many as possible of those who will be glad to rejoice with us in the great life, UNITY *will be sent on trial subscription to any new subscriber for three months for twenty-five cents, beginning with the first Emerson article, so long as editions hold out. Friends wishing to make a present of* UNITY *will be sent cards by means of which they can indicate their interest in* UNITY *and in their friends. Subscriptions should be sent in early in order to secure the full series.*

A wise man from the east whose name is familiar to the cultured and patriotic from ocean to ocean, writes us:

"The Contempt of Law" is a good subject for an editorial in UNITY once a month during the year 1903. The January installment of Miss Tarbell's studies of the Standard Oil Company in McClure's is ghastly.

The Sunday School Times preaches an interesting etymological sermon on the word "work," which in the old form of "erg" and "ferg" enters into so many words of English composition. It reminds us that Goethe suggested that the word in John's poem might better be translated "Work" than "Word," all of which suggestions set us thinking.

The Advocate of Peace for January notes the progress of the last year in the direction of peace. It well says: "Wars come and go, but the movements which are finally to make war impossible go on forever and with constantly increasing momentum." The article speaks of three controversies settled by tribunals. The Hague Court has disposed of one more and the second is submitted to it. Ten South American governments have signed a treaty submitting all disputes to arbitration. Well done for one year.

President King of Oberlin in a recent article in the *Congregationalist,* pleads for "the new evangelism" which he says must rest on "three great pre-suppositions, viz., 1. That religion is life; 2. That man should put himself in the presence of the best; 3. That the preacher must himself be a seer and a witness." Perhaps the most difficult point to reach is the last. If the preacher himself is to be a witness he must testify of that which he himself knows and feels or has discovered. Hear-say witnesses or those "coached" by others do not count for much in court.

And now it is the orthodox Congregationalists of New England that have surrendered to the inevitable commercialism that monopolizes the heart of the modern city. "Park Street Church," the famous "Brimstone Corner" itself, seems to be doomed. Its sale is announced. Some humiliating things in this direction are again transpiring in these days in Chicago. Some more churches are giving up the center and longing for a situation near the circumference on the plea that the people have moved. And still the abandoned territories swarm with humanity. The school houses in these same territories have to be enlarged and multiplied. Clubs of all descriptions, good and bad, for high and low, thrive in these territories, but the churches must go. Is it a wonder that people are asking, What is the matter with the churches?

In the face of the well founded regret that the business man and the college graduate are loosening their hold upon Sunday and passing over the tasks of Sunday-school instruction and the organized religious nurture of the children into the hands of a few well-meaning mothers and a large number of hard working school teachers it is well to take thought of the commendable example of Jay Cooke, who has taught his Bible class for over half a century; of Wanamaker, who is prouder of his record as a Sunday-school teacher than he is of the achievements of the great department store, and of Rockefeller, Jr., whose weekly expounding of the gospel of the Nazarene "who had no place whereon to lay his head," which engage the interest of the Associated Press every Monday morning. However contradictory the Sunday preaching may be from the Monday practice, we believe that these activities represent unsoiled sections of the human soul. They are good as far as they go, and let us give credit for the distance attained and pray that the number of those who will "go and do likewise"

will be increased and that the increasing army will continue to go further.

The *New York Herald* has been studying the growth of the "baronial" estate of John D. Rockefeller. Not satisfied with having sumptuous dwelling places in Cleveland, Ohio, in Florida, in New England and in New York City, this "Oil King" has been steadily at work acquiring property along the Hudson, and the time is not far distant when the Rockefeller Park will be "synonymous and co-extensive with Westchester County, N. Y." His present holding counts two thousand acres in the Tarrytown neighborhood and tracts are being continually added. Ordinarily the buying has been on the quiet, through third parties, where the hand of the millionaire is not detected, and thus exorbitant prices have been avoided. But when this method fails the other tactics of the Standard Oil Company succeed. The portion of Sleepy Hollow, immortalized by Washington Irving, which contains the monument to the three captors of Andre, was desired. But when the fifty thousand offered for "a bit of the Sleepy Hollow acres was refused, and the defiant refusal was followed by the planting of a row of huge cedars, quite cutting off all the charming view, the owner weakened and another triumph of Standard Oil was recorded." At the heart of all this beautiful country is being reared another great Rockefeller mansion, but with wise and economic engineering, beautiful drives, attractive walks, golf links, bridges, are being constructed, all of which are to be adequately illuminated with electric lights and interspersed with fountains. These will survive the Rockefellers. Somebody will enter into this munificence. Will it not eventually pass into the hands of the rightful owners, the great public, held in trust for such by the commonwealth? Possibly that is already in the mind and purpose of the far-seeing man. Without justifying the methods, with more than a suspicion that all this is being accomplished with tainted money, besmirched dollars, may we not still rejoice in the "power that maketh the wrath of man to praise him" and see that in spite of, when not on account of, human ingenuity and foresight, the interests of humanity are conserved and the beauty of this world-home of ours is enhanced, and that beauty is a part of the common possessions of all men. Economic entanglements notwithstanding, we take a sociological delight in the perfection of Rockefeller Park, which sooner or later will become a part of *our* property.

A False Note.

Prof. Karl Matthie, ex-president of the Wisconsin Teachers' Association, is a personal friend of the writer. We know him to be an energetic, progressive, self-denying educator, a man who has done much, not only for the public schools of Wausau, of which he has been superintendent for many years, but for the public schools of Wisconsin, particularly the newer and more northerly section, which, through the energy of Mr. Matthie and associates are confessedly in advance in many ways of the schools in the older sections of the state. But Mr. Matthie sounded a false note in his annual address before the Teachers' Association at its recent meeting in Milwaukee, if the papers reported him rightly,—a note that has belied his own record and was untrue to the inspirations which must sustain the teacher in the future as in the past.

He is reported as having said, in effect:

"Heretofore we teachers have worked for the children. We have labored in their interests. Now the time has come when we must work for ourselves and look out for our own interests."

That the public school teachers are overworked in many cases and oftentimes under-paid is an indisputable fact. This is a reproach to the intelligence and the public spirit of the voter and the taxpayer. We believe it is the right of teachers on all proper occasions and in all proper ways to call attention to this fact and to do what they can towards correcting these wrongs. Still more do we believe it the duty of those of us who are outside the profession to be insistent in our work of reform in these directions.

But it will be a sad day for our public schools when the teachers organize for the primary purpose of advancing their own pecuniary interests. It will be a humiliation for the profession to have to organize itself on the basis of the labor union, thus emphasizing a class distinction. Thanks to Horace Mann and the other high prophets of popular education, school teaching, public school teaching, if you please, has been lifted out of a craft into a profession. If there is a liberal profession today in America it is that of the school teacher; and however the word "liberal" is interpreted in this and kindred connections, there is in it an element of disinterestedness, a devotion to ideas and to causes independent of what such devotion may bring in the way of money or other material returns. A "liberal education," "the liberal arts," "the liberal professions," all these phrases hinge on the academic recognition in European universities of a class of studies and pursuits followed for their own sake and not for wages' sake. And whenever a teacher or body of teachers forget this higher inspiration or abandon the altruistic devotion implied, it is time they step down and out of the profession.

The saddest thing about President Matthie's incidental remark, which we believe ought not to be taken too seriously, is that in many quarters it is characteristic of a movement. In the city of Chicago it is pathetic to note today the eagerness on the part of certain popular teachers' organizations to suspect, even to aggressively oppose a new school bill which has been carefully beaten out by a commission consisting largely of teachers and altogether of friends of teachers, in the light of the best pedagogical experience available.

The objections made to the new bill are various, but they all seem to hinge on a dread that the tenure of the school teacher will be made more dependent upon high efficiency and academic qualifications than now and that somehow the salary question is not sufficiently safe-guarded.

The educational bill now pending may not be wise in all its provisions; it certainly is not perfect; suggestions from the teachers are in order. But when they fly into denunciations and antagonisms in press and on platform, they imitate the methods of politicians, and these organizations are not only unjust to their friends, but they become a menace to the public school and enemies to the best interests of the children. When a teacher, speaking for teachers, makes public the threat, "We are going to fight this thing to a finish" before the bill is even published, much less explained and understood, before accepting, much less seeking consultation and conference, it is a manifestation of the bad side of the "labor union movement," which is deplored most by those who recognize the good side in the labor union and who are anxious to conserve and exploit the same.

It behooves the school teacher to believe in educational progress, to make friends with those who work for it and to rejoice in such progress, even though in the development the incompetent are left behind or even run over by the advancing car. The competent have nothing to fear, but competency in public school teaching is a progressive, certainly a continuous test. Routine familiarity, fatigue, outside interests, often conspire to make a poor, even an unfit, teacher of one in the fifteenth year of service who was a power and a promise during the first five years. These left- overs who have ceased to make new wood, who have become thoroughly conventionalized in their theories or their methods, or, what is worse, permanently dismembered from the living organism which we call "society" at its best, who have no time for the mastery of new books, the acquaintance of new poets or to rejoice in new discoveries, must not put themselves in the way of progress and become political obstructionists in matters educational. Let them take new hold, keep themselves "ever young for liberty" and progress, or else allow themselves to be gently, tenderly laid aside. Superintendent Cooley in a recent address before the Chicago Teachers' Federation, which numbers some three thousand grade teachers, well said:

"Teachers must realize that when it is impossible for the incompetent to compete with the competent, better paid, a higher social position will follow. Further than this, the army of children for whom we work and on whose education depends the future welfare of the state, will profit to a still larger degree than ourselves. I can think of only two classes of people who can consistently oppose the efforts that are being made to raise the standard of teaching. The first class includes those who do not believe in the public school system, * * * who do not believe in democracy, but represent the aristocratic ideas of a century ago. * * * The second class is made up of teachers who are incompetent and who realize their incompetency. There are of course in Chicago as well as elsewhere a certain number of incompetent teachers. Whatver the number, it is in the interests of the great army of teachers everywhere that we should be relieved from the competition of teachers who cannot measure up the advance standard society fixes."

We beg Prof. Matthie's pardon for having thus called attention to a false note in his otherwise stimulating address. We do not believe that he meant it as such. We trust the day will never come when the teachers will organize on a selfish basis. But it behooves the teachers to beware of the tendencies of the times. The spirit of commercial competition and financial trusts that has demoralized so many good men and women in the economic world should not be allowed to enter the domains of education and religion. This commercial age is not quite ready to contemplate with complacency a ministerial labor union or a pastoral strike for higher wages. Rather will it rejoice in the decline of ministerial candidates and the decimated ranks of the preaching profession as far as these are traceable to the fact that the pay is poor and the salaries are low, for the self seekers have not now, and never have had, a rightful place in the ministry of religion.

More sacred, to our mind, is the teaching profession than is the ministerial profession as at present represented in its sectarian enumeration. The school teacher stands for the one unchallenged and essentially unbroken unity of socity. They are priests at the altars of the great civic church, the catholic church of humanity, one corner stone of which is intelligence; one element in its liturgy is education.

What Might Be.

If everyone were kind and sweet,
And every one were jolly;
If every heart with gladness beat,
And none were melancholy;
If none should murmur or complain,
And every one should labor
In useful work, and each were fain
To help and cheer his neighbor,—
Then what a blessed world 'twould be,
For you and me, just you and me!

And if, perhaps, we both should try
That glorious time to hurry;
If you and I, just you and I,
Should smile and never worry;
If we should grow, just you and I,
Kinder and sweeter hearted,—
Perhaps in some near by-and-by
That good time might get started:
Then what a blessed world 'twould be,
For you and me, just you and me!

—*The Christian Life.*

A Chicago Transcendentalist.

I wonder how many persons could be brought together who have taken "Unity" without a break from its first issue, almost twenty-five years ago? This is the record of a dear old friend of the Liberal faith who passed over to the majority Jan. 6 of this year, and of whose life so long concurrent with its own, it seemed fitting that Unity should offer a commemorative word.

Benjamin Bowen Wiley (may his tribe increase!) forms an interesting link between our day and that of the now closed circle of Concord Immortals. Born into a home of quiet elegance in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1832, he grew into a stocky, sturdy New England boy, an athlete before athletics, who, at sixteen, thought nothing of walking from Providence to Boston to attend a Thanksgiving dinner. His ruling passions, however, seem to have been quite different from those that actuate the average college athlete of today. One of these was for literature, and those who create it, and the other for the transcendental philosophy as expounded by Emerson, Thoreau, Alcott, and their fellow-thinkers. Later, as his reading expanded, Mr. Martineau entered the charmed circle of his literary loves and held perhaps the highest place there to the end of his life.

As a mere boy, however, we hear of his making a pilgrimage to Concord to see Emerson, whose genius

seems to have been his earliest guiding star. Touched, doubtless, by the naive adoration of the youth, the sage received him graciously, conversed with him on high themes, and later introduced him to his neighbors, Thoreau and Alcott.

A quaint anecdote of this period relates that young Wiley wanted to know Mr. Longfellow and asked Mr. Emerson to introduce him. The cautious philosopher replied that he would willingly do so if his young friend could truthfully say that "he stood in such relation to the genius of the poet as made it fitting." This the youth decided he could not do, and the subject was dropped. There seems to me to be something charming in Mr. Emerson's reliance on the integral delicacy of the boy to guard him against a possible false position.

Mr. Wiley came to Chicago in 1856 at the invitation of Gen. R. K. Swift to assume a position in the latter's bank. A long period of business life followed, always honorable, including at one time the sacrifice of a large amount of real estate to satisfy the debts of a near relative; and when in consequence of the vicissitudes of Chicago affairs the bank in which he was involved closed down it paid dollar for dollar—to accomplish which result cost the disciple of Emerson all the accumulations of a laborious life.

It is an evidence of the esteem in which he was held that when, after the great Chicago fire, a fund was sent here by English Unitarians for the relief of their co-religionists, Mr. Martineau chose the subject of our sketch as the medium of its distribution.

Before these events, however, and while Mr. Wiley believed himself anchored to a sufficient competency, he consulted his Eastern mentor as to the advisability of quitting the turbulent stream of a Chicago business career for the calm waters of study and reflection, for which he felt himself so much better fitted. Mr. Emerson counselled earnestly against the change. He said that nothing was so much needed in America as idealists in practical affairs, and that there was where his younger friend would find his truest life work.

As far as our country is concerned, Mr. Emerson was doubtless correct then, and would be now, in his dictum; but for the born dreamer who consulted him, it would probably have been more expedient to obey his inner monitor and retire from a contest in which at least nowadays the battle is only to the strong and the race to the swift, irrespective of ideals.

Mr. Wiley never recovered his fortune, but through all the period of storm and stress his sweetness of temper never failed him. When some one repeated to him a spiteful personal remark made about him by an acquaintance he said: "Well, perhaps in that instance, Blank took a one-sided view."

For him, indeed, divine philosophy was "not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose," but a real refuge from a too strenuous world. An uncle coming in to condole with him on a crash in his affairs, found him serenely immersed in a volume of Martineau's sermons! As Stopford Brooke says of a more vocal soul, "He was aware of a central peace, where the noise was quieted and the tangle unraveled."

Gentle, practical jokes which never left a sting, frequent droll assumption of Johnsonian grandiosity of phrase, delivered with excess of dignity and sonority, varied his habitual evenness of speech, and set unlearned auditors first to staring and then to smiling; but "gladly would he learne and gladly teche," so one soon fell in with his humor, and never without profit.

In 1889 he married Miss Alice Denison of San Francisco, and a companionship of rare felicity was his from that time to the end. A tiny cottage at Lake View received them, and at its demolition a charmingly artistic little house was erected on the same spot, the laying of its corner stone giving occasion to two dedicatory documents, which now lie beneath it, and mark better than anything I could say the quality of the lives lived within its walls. After the names, etc., the first paper proceeds as follows:

"This house was planned in the thoughts of all a home should be, and in the hope that the lives to be lived here may bring a blessing to the sorrowful and heavy-laden and an added joy to the joyful and that the blessing of Almighty God may rest upon all who come within its walls."

"If this record be ever found, we may then have passed
Without one quickened breath,
Finding all realms of life, of death
But summer hours in sunny lands,
To our next house not made with hands."

We leave our blessing to all whose footsteps may tread within this little plat of ground where we have been so happy."

The verses accompanying the dedication are as follows:

LINES ON THE HOUSE TORN AWAY.

This low small roof where we have lived so long
How stored with memories! Have I said "A Den,"
"Crowded and wintry cold?" I add, "but then
How snow-flakes blossomed! How in summer thronged
The bees to pilfer poppies! How through the song
Of my canary, wind harps sounded! Robins, wrens,
Breathed Nature's prayer to tree-tops' low Amen.
How has strength come to turn from grief and wrong
To do the daily duties; sown in tears
To see the harvest of the soul grow fair.
To walk with friends we loved—all unaware
How near the message calling them outside
Of our small lives. Oh, Love, which must abide
Thou hast made these walls we leave, so sanctified!

Great suffering and increasing bodily helplessness marked Mr. Wiley's later years, but his patience and hope never failed. He could to the last—

"The darkling universe defy
To quench his immortality
Or shake his trust in God."

He was an enthusiastic member of the Masonic Fraternity, having been at one time Grand Master of the Chicago Chapter; and the tender home funeral service, conducted by his long-time pastor, Rev. J. V. Blake, was completed by the stately ritual of his beloved order.

Two little poems by Mrs. Wiley read by Mr. Blake at the funeral service seem to me a fitting close to this short sketch of a life lived so truly in the spirit of his Master.

DEATH'S WAY.

I cannot make it real that morning's gold on gray
Shall lead me sometime to a world so wide
I cannot hear my love at eventide—
I, who have not learned Life, How can I
Learn Death's way?

Oh, wearying heart, be still! That wondrous day
(Only a fresher breath of purer air)
Shall make thee know his presence and his care
So gentle is Death's way.
Life's hidden secrets shall thy soul divine
And know thy Love at last forever thine,
So tender is Death's way.

A FRAGMENT.

If I had gone outside a little space
Into the dark with candle in my hand
You would not weep or fret, but understand
That I was busy. Even to the door
You scarce would go, but loving me the more
For my brief absence—do the things I planned.
Small time such going brings—
You would not miss me till all tasks were done
For everyone.

C. S. K.

The true way to win the world, to make enough of things, to get all that our seventy years can give us, to drink deep of beauty from Nature, to receive and give that love to men in which joy is found, is not, as these others say, to win impulse from the world without, but to bring impulse from within to the world without; is, not to watch in order to gain joy and pleasure from the outward, but to gain a certain beautiful temper of soul.—*Stopford A. Brooke.*

THE PROBLEMS OF THE SCHOOL THE HOPE OF THE STATE.

VII.

Art as a Public Asset.

W. M. R. French, Director of the Art Institute, Chicago.

Anything may be regarded as a public asset which is of real value to the community. That art should be of real value I am afraid is an idea not universally entertained by average Americans. It is, however, known to all intelligent persons that certain cities in the old world derive most of their fame and much of their revenue from the works of art which they possess. Deprive Florence of pictures, sculpture and architecture, and she would no longer be Florence. Travelers would no longer concern themselves about her, and the immense expenditure made by visitors would be lost to her. Dresden is a considerable manufacturing city, but what nine-tenths of my readers will think of when they hear her name, is the painting of the "Sistine Madonna," or the "Holy Night," or else the painted porcelain, which is equally a matter of art. For the purpose of the present discussion, art must be understood to embrace anything in which considerations of beauty predominate over considerations of utility. It, therefore, includes not only painting, sculpture and architecture, but landscape gardening and whatever else contributes to the beautiful aspect of places of human habitation. It is, of course, impossible for American cities to acquire in great numbers monumental works of the art of past ages, such as grace the capitals of Europe. Yet even in this direction something may be done, and indeed something has been done. In the Art Institute of Chicago there are old paintings and other objects perhaps better known in Europe than among our own citizens.

In the collection of engravings of the famous museum in Dresden, I saw two years ago a photograph of one of our own Old Masters conspicuously set up. There are several paintings in our collection that any museum of Europe would be glad to possess. Our collection of Egyptian scarabæi is one of the most important and complete in existence, superior to any in the British Museum and probably only surpassed by those in the Boulak Museum in Egypt itself. Probably it would startle almost any reader if I should declare that the collection of modern pictures in the Art Institute is one of the best in the world, yet this is the simple fact. A foreign museum director who visited America three or four years ago for the purpose of inspecting American Museum buildings, remarked to me upon inspecting the galleries of the Art Institute that "these American collections of modern paintings far surpass any foreign collections with which I am acquainted." My attention being thus arrested, I was able in a later visit to Europe to verify the justice of his observation.

But what of these works of art as assets! From a money point of view it cannot be argued that they are the most profitable investment, for the door fees of the Art Institute would not pay much more than one-tenth the interest on the cost of the collection. But they already confer some credit on the city, both at home and abroad, they render the city somewhat more attractive to cultivated people as a place of residence, and they are visited upon free days by a multitude of people, 600,000 or 700,000 a year. The public statues of Chicago are perhaps of as good average quality as in most other cities, either American or foreign. But it is not isolated galleries of pictures or groups of sculpture that will make a city attractive; it is rather the prevailing appearance and air of its streets and public places. And this is generally recognized by the residents of a city, although somewhat unconsciously and indistinctly. The streets of Chicago are not in general beautiful, yet all property owners and builders, on the principal streets at least, acknowledge a certain obligation to the public in the matter of appearances. They do not erect absolutely plain buildings, with the cheapest facades. The buildings all have some effort at proportion and adornment, and often taken by themselves are pleasing objects. It is the want of relation and the presence of signs, elevated roads and other obstructions, that destroy their effect. In all these things happily we are slowly improving. But we have, upon the shore of the lake, both north and south, and in some other parts of the city, some fine quarters, with broad and well kept streets and parkways and fine dwellings, public buildings and hotels. The great importance of these in our estimation of the city is obvious to us if we imagine them all removed or destroyed and the city reduced to a mere aggregation of plain business buildings and dwellings. A city which commends itself by its beauty is far more likely to become and continue the habitation of persons of means, taste and public spirit. In an American city the elements which belong to the province of landscape architecture, that is, the general disposition of streets, trees, buildings, parkways, etc., are and must for a long time remain far more important than the acquisition of pictures, statues, or other works of art. The beauty of any city is immeasurably enhanced by the mere planting of trees. If we say that a small town is a pretty place, we invariably mean that it has streets nicely shaded with trees. Nor is it possible for a place to be beautiful without trees. Yet how slow is this idea in finding lodgment in the minds of the people. Any town may be planted with trees at a very small expense, and in twenty years it will be a pretty town. It is common to plead poverty, but our Western towns are much richer than the inhabitants of New England and New York were when they planted the trees that now make their villages charming. Yet the towns are comparatively few in which are found the two or three public spirited citizens to head a movement in planting the town with trees.

It is difficult for practical men to perceive that beauty has any value except as a matter of passing diversion. To the person of taste beauty exists by its own right and needs no defense. That considerations of taste do not enter at all into the calculations of the moving spirits of our communities, at least in their earlier stages, is obvious. Perhaps we have no right to find fault, for the necessities of life must first be provided for, but the Central West has long ago passed beyond this stage, and as fast as we can we are putting on the appliances of advanced civilization in the form of universities, libraries, museums, parks, etc.

In certain industries the value of art long ago asserted itself. The English, finding in their first World's Fair that they were falling behind other nations, notably the French, in the beauty of design for fabrics and other manufactures, established at government expense, the great museum and art schools at South Kensington, with affiliated schools all over the kingdom. They thus recognized the value of art as a public asset, and the means were effectual, although hampered by the inferiority of the British to the Latin race in the talent for decorative design.

At the present moment there are an immense number of industries in the United States which are in great part dependent for their success upon excellence of design, and if governmental aid would help them,

they ought on the principles of the protective tariff to receive it.

In brief, it is certain that conditions of art, dependent as they are upon the incorrigible love of beauty in the human creature, form an essential element in both the money assets and the real assets of every highly civilized community.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Second Series—A Study of Special Habits.

By W. L. SHELDON, Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

CHAPTER XV.

SELF-DENIAL.

Proverbs or Verses.

"Self-denial is painful for the moment, but very agreeable in the end."—*Jane Taylor.*

"Self-denial is the best riches."—*Seneca.*

"The lives of men who have been always growing, are strewed along their whole course with the things they have learned to do without."—*Ph. Brooks.*

"Better give than have to give."

"He gives double who gives unasked."

"He that gives his heart will not deny his money."

"Abstinence is so much more pleasant upon the other side of indulgence!"—*Geo. McDonald.*

"He that gives to be seen will relieve none in the dark."

"Self denial is often the sacrifice of one self-love for another."

"Alas! this time is never the time for self-denial; it is always next time."

"The worst education which teaches you self-denial is better than the best which teaches you everything else but that."

Dialogue.

You know of self-denying people. Perhaps you have met with self-denying boys and girls. How do you feel about them? Do you admire them? "Yes, surely," you say.

And should you care to be like them? "Why," you answer, "it may depend on what one means by self-denial."

Suppose you tell me what you understand by the word. What comes first to your mind when it is mentioned? "Giving up," you suggest.

You assume, do you, that if a person wanted to buy something which he needed very much for himself, and he had the money with which to purchase it; and then if he decided not to do it, and said he would deny himself, you would call that self-denial? "Not necessarily," you reply.

But why not? Did he not deny himself? He wished to buy that thing, and yet refused to gratify himself. "Oh, yes," you continue, "but he needed it, and perhaps there was no good reason why he should deny himself."

You think that if a person denies himself when there is no reason for it, then it would not be true self-denial. Is that what you imply?

But what if a boy or girl went out to buy something good to eat—candy it might be—and then discovered that by waiting until tomorrow it would be possible to get three times as much for the same money, would it be self-denying to wait? "No," you insist.

But why not? again I ask. That would be refusing to gratify one's self, and there would be a reason for it. Would you not especially admire the boy or girl who waited until tomorrow, in order to get three times as much candy? "No," you add, "not especially; that only meant giving up some pleasure today, in order to have more pleasure tomorrow. It would not be doing good to anybody. It would all be just for one's own pleasure."

If that is what you assert, we shall have to modify our language again. That boy or girl had a reason for denying himself. Yet you do not especially admire his conduct. You think, do you, that self-denial means giving up in order to do something for somebody else.

Can you give me any examples of that kind of self-denial. Suppose you are at play, and a number of you wanted to have the first turn in the game, what would the boy or girl who practices self-denial do? "Why," you say, "let one of the others have the first turn, and not try to take it for one's self."

What if you wanted to eat something very much, but knew if you did so, it would give displeasure to your father or mother. How might you practise self-denial there. "Oh," you tell me, "one could refrain and not eat what one desired, in order to avoid giving pain to one's father or mother."

In the one instance, then, it would be in order to give pleasure to another, but in the second it would be in order to avoid giving pain.

What if you were enjoying yourself making a noise at home, and were told that your mother had a very severe headache, and that the noise made it worse. What would self-denial bid you do? "Why," you answer, "stop making a noise."

Suppose one were going to do something for one's self, but did not care very much about it, and then refrained from doing it at the request of another, would you call that self-denial? "Not exactly," you confess. Well, why not? "Oh," you reply, "self-denial usually implies giving up something that we care for a good deal." You feel, do you, that such conduct usually comes pretty hard?

But do you suppose that there is ever any pleasure in self-denial? Could one find any pleasure in giving up pleasure? You fancy, do you, that it would always be a painful experience? "Not altogether," you say. "Because," you add, "there is some pleasure in giving pleasure to others." Yes, that is true; more perhaps than one realizes at first.

But do you insist that self-denial always means giving up something for the sake of somebody else? What if a boy had some money and wanted to buy something nice to eat with it, and then changed his mind and concluded that he would purchase a book with which to improve himself. Would that be self-denial? "You are inclined to think it would," you say.

But that would be done mainly for himself. "Oh yes," you answer, "but it implies giving up pleasure. And it is not done exactly for the sake of some other pleasure."

What is it done for, then? "Why," you point out, "it is for the sake of his own improvement or in order to educate himself."

Do you think, then, that one can deny one's self for the sake of one's self, and yet practice self-denial? Yes, I believe that when we give up pleasures in order to improve ourselves, it is a form of self-denial.

What two forms of this habit have you now described; the one where one gives up some thing in order to be of service or give pleasure to another; and the other is what? "Oh," you tell me, "where one gives up a certain pleasure for the sake of improving one's self."

Did you ever hear of Daniel Webster? Do you know what he did just after he got his education? He wished to go out into the world, and begin at once the practice of his profession. But instead of that, he went and taught school, in order to earn money so that his brother might also get an education.

What sort of conduct was that, do you think? "Self-denial?" Yes. But which form of it, should you say? Was it for the sake of his own improvement? "No," you assure me, "it was the other kind, in order to render a service for another."

Did you ever know of a boy who was anxious to finish his studies in order to go out and play, but who

stopped to help another before he started? Do you think that is ever done? "Perhaps, sometimes," you answer. Is it easy, do you suppose? "No, not very," you confess. Would any boy or girl do it? "No, indeed," you exclaim.

But why not? All one has to do is just to wait a little and help the other before going out to amuse one's self. Why is it not easy enough to wait? "Oh, but it isn't," you insist. Then why would some boys do this thing, and others not?

Does habit have anything to do with it? Would the boy who had not been accustomed to giving up be liable to display such a spirit? "You think not," you say. If that is true, self-denial must be a habit. One cannot do that sort of a thing readily, unless one *gets into the habit of it.*

Points of the Lesson.

I. That self-denial means giving up.

II. That it means giving up only when there is some good reason for doing so.

III. That the reason must not be merely giving up one pleasure in order to get another, but rather in order to render a service to somebody else.

IV. That there is also another form of self-denial, where one gives up pleasure for the sake of one's self-improvement.

V. That one is not liable to show self-denial unless one has formed the habit of it.

Duties.

I. We ought to practice self-denial in order to be able to surrender a small pleasure for the sake of a Higher Good.

II. We ought to practice self-denial in order to win control over ourselves.

III. We ought to practice self-denial in order that we may be able to do more work in the world.

IV. We ought to practice self-denial so that we may be able to be of greater service to all mankind.

V. We ought to practice self-denial because it puts the mind or soul in control over the body and makes the Highest Self the True Sovereign.

Poem: "The Little Kingdom," by Miss Alcott.

FURTHER SUGGESTIONS TO THE TEACHER: The above poem is a rare little gem and should be treated with the highest respect. It is said to have been written by Miss Alcott when she was only thirteen years of age. Biography could be introduced here also. The story could be told of some life where a person had made great sacrifices in order that others might be helped on to success. It would perhaps be better to introduce the narrative of the life of some brave, self-denying woman, as this is a virtue which has been conspicuous in woman's life. But we should take care not to make it a "far-off" virtue, as something which we may admire but do not expect to practice ourselves. Pictures of exceptional persons showing these virtues often have this unfortunate effect. Yet on the other hand there is a certain value in presenting rare ideals, which may call forth the spirit of devotion on the part of the young and be there as a distant standard for their awe and reverence. If the teacher is not too strictly limited in the attitude of neutrality on religious subjects, an excellent life for him to introduce in connection with self-denial on a large scale would be that of Father Damien and the way he gave himself up to go and live with the lepers in the Sandwich Islands. It could be told with or without the religious motives, as the teacher may deem best, according to the system adopted in the whole scheme of lessons in schools or classes where they are used. But it is a magnificent picture to put forward as a sublime example of complete self-sacrifice—all the more powerful as coming within recent times.

The Place of Correspondence Schools in Education.

Considerable light was thrown on this timely topic at the recent meeting devoted by the Chicago Electrical Association to "The Place of Correspondence Schools in Electrical Education." Thus it was shown that while "correspondence" schools were intended chiefly for those whose location or lack of funds barred them from attending a "resident" school, many of the pupils were really such as might be reached by the latter if these would resort to even a little of the clever and catchy advertising by which the correspondence institutions have profited. Indeed some such schools pride themselves on having stirred up pupils who soon dropped their courses and entered other institutions where they could get the needed instruction with ample facilities five or ten times as often per month. Now some are even allying themselves to established colleges so as to act as feeders for the latter, besides using their laboratories for class instruction as auxiliary to the mail teaching of those located near such colleges.

The chief obstacles reported were the comparatively slow progress made in a given time (few pupils reporting more than once every week or ten days, and hence getting only forty or fifty lessons in a whole year), the lack of the personal contact with the instructors, and the absence of really adequate facilities for experimental work on the part of the pupil. The infrequency of the pupil's communications enables the instructor to handle a large number of students, so that there may be many hundreds of the latter per instructor. As the result, the helpful individualizing (too little of which is done even in the average attendance school) is made practically impossible and the socalled instructor becomes chiefly a marker of examination papers presented by strangers to him. He therefore cannot give the little distinctive hint that may be needed by this or that pupil, since he can neither keep in mind the pupil's individual characteristics nor always make sure from the formal report just what is in the latter's mind. The pupil may be one of scores or even hundreds pursuing a given line, yet he remains isolated, having no chance to learn by watching the efforts of others, which observing often counts for more than the formal instruction by the teacher. Nor can he catch the enthusiasm that comes from the fellowship feeling, for even the examiner with whom he corresponds (if indeed he is regularly cared for by one and the same one) is too far off and too little in touch with the pupil to have his words of encouragement count for much. The student must therefore have that unusual persistence which will make up for the encouragement offered by both teachers and colleagues at an attendance school, and thus enable him to persevere at his course of study in spite of the frequent obstacles. In view of this and of the lack of perseverance in the average youth as turned out by our present public schools, it is not surprising that the large majority of correspondence school pupils never complete even their first course of study.

This lapsing plays an important part in the finances of such schools as the average student drops out long before he has cost the school what he has paid in. Some schools claim that the persistent pupil who completes a course of study with them costs the school more than he actually pays for it. The difference is made up by the profit on the students who have dropped out, and as the lapsing student means a good profit for the school, the love of the dollar will tempt the managers to continually seek for new pupils instead of aiming to hold those already started until they complete what has been begun by them. Not that they discourage those already enrolled (for every student who has persevered long enough to profit by a course of instruction will induce others to try the same

plan), but that the emphasis is apt to be towards continually enrolling new pupils rather than towards holding the old ones to their tasks. Still there are exceptions, as in the case of a school which last spring offered special inducements to its pupils for regularly keeping up their studying through the summer.

Of course this enlisting of the many and the subsequent dropping of most of them means a burning over the ground, so that its blighting effect on a thousand youths' eagerness for more elucation is quite an offset to the stimulation given to a few hundred.

Besides, the catchy advertising used by correspondence schools gives out the impression that an enrolled student quickly increases his earning capacity. The little learning gained by the average student may therefore prove doubly dangerous in that it makes him feel worthy of higher pay or of a better position, even if the studying done by him has not actually made him of more value to his employer.

Many managers of electric light plants are opposing correspondence schools on that account, as they believe them to breed too much dissatisfaction among the majority of their pupils to make up for the real help given to the comparatively few who persevere at such studying.

As to the instruction papers and reference books used by various schools, those devoted to the electrical line show an interesting difference in the point of view. Thus one school has aimed to have its printed matter written by specialists of national reputation. Another claims that such eminent authorities can hardly ever write so as to be understood by the average student, and that too many such books have already been written above the heads of most readers; this school therefore has its literature edited by men who have first spent weeks or even months at marking the students' papers, so as to catch the pupil's point of view and thus write in terms easily grasped by him. On the other hand, advocates of the former school claim that the student has not fully mastered the subject until he can understand the deep thought of recognized authorities on the subject, and that it is the instructor's business to lead the pupil up to this higher plane instead of trying to bring the latter down to him.

In some branches the correspondence student is greatly handicapped by the lack of suitable laboratory facilities, and yet there are numerous cases reported where pupils have overcome this by adding home-made apparatus to the necessarily scant outfits supplied by the schools. Such cases being the exception, several schools are arranging for laboratory accommodations at colleges where their students can then attend for a time to supplement the correspondence work. Such an arrangement seems the more promising, as it may lead many to the needed academic or even collegiate instruction who had given up all thoughts of ever having this available to them. Indeed, a few colleges are even giving credit to students for work done by them through correspondence, though this method is so slow that it would take many years to cover the equivalent of an ordinary college term.

Judging from the large numbers who are taking up correspondence instruction (and the still larger number who may be kept from it merely by the lack of the tuition fees) there would seem to be a decided gap in our educational system which is filled neither by our public high schols nor by our academies and colleges. Indeed, this might mean a serious accusation against our educational facilities if the correspondence schools stood for a broad view of education. However, they apparently share the popular notion that education means either book learning, or the technical knowledge which will increase one's pay in dollars and cents. The larger view of education as throwing a true perspective on one's surroundings, and as making one more helpful for general progress regardless of the gain in dollars and cents, seems hardly to be touched by either class of schools. Happily the study clubs and classes connected with some of our churches and social settlements are striving to partly fill this gap, with the prospect of doing more of it as the popular conception of education is broadened. Meanwhile the correspondence schools should prove of great help to those who have that unusual perseverance which seems needed to hold them through such courses of instruction, and the more so as the rivalry between the different schools is leading to more thorough work and a more able corps of instructors.

ALBERT SCHEIBLE.

THE STUDY TABLE.

A Book of Meditations.*

Prof. Edward Howard Griggs, who has made for himself a very distinct and increasingly important place in the higher life of America by his popular lectures on literary, ethical and social themes, has given the world another book, which will not only bring the author nearer to the public, but will surely add to the influence he is exerting. The New Humanism, published some three years ago, has reached its fourth edition, and laid a foundation for the Book of Meditations, the first edition of which was exhausted within three weeks after its issue. In The New Humanism, Prof. Griggs gave a general outline of his philosophy of personal and social development, and introduced the reader to his methods of thought. Many who had first heard Prof. Griggs' spoken word felt in his first volume a distinct lack of the peculiar personal warmth which characterizes his lectures and distinguish them from those of any other speaker. The new volume, while lacking the method and the convincing force of argument which distinguish The New Humanism, does convey more of the remarkable personality of the author, and will be welcomed by those who know him as a further revelation of his spirit, and by those who do not know him as a fitting introduction.

The range of these "Meditations" is well nigh world wide and age long. The author is equally at home in Athens, Paris, Florence, Rome, Constantinople, New England and California, in the Periclean age, the Renaissance or the America of today. "Dealing with art and life," as the publisher's announcement reads, it really deals with life which is seen through art as through literature, history, social movements, and all human endeavor. "An autobiography, not of events and accidents, but of thoughts and impressions"—to continue the publisher's announcement—it is a series of flash lights revealing the world of "the human spirit" as it breaks through time and circumstance upon the vision of this sensitive seer, so trained to observe the movings of human life.

No one interested in the study of art can afford to ignore the observations which here are passed upon the great masters, for packed into a few pages is there enough to justify volumes, and not the criticism of the mere observer, measuring art by rules; but the interpretation of a spirit deeply impressed with the vastness of the truth and meaning which art at its best seeks to portray. Indeed one cannot help wishing that these notes and impressions might form the basis for separate treatises on art, literature, history and ethics. Awaiting these treatises the public will be glad to prepare for them by reading these shorter "meditations."

*"A Book of Mediations," by Edward Howard Griggs, author of The New Humanism. New York. 1902. B. W. Huebsch, publisher. Price, $1.50; postage, 10 cents.

Here is food not only for thought, but for life. Many a passage will get marked as an earnest soul reads this book, and such passages as the following will be laid where memory may often put hands upon it:

"One of the most vicious phases of conduct is to be generous at the expense of truth, that is, to pretend to kindly feelings which are quite undeserved by the recipient and equally unfelt by the giver. To make everything smooth and pleasant for those who merit a firm rebuke is conduct which may call itself virtue, but is often the result of moral laziness, some temperaments choosing it as the most comfortable course."

Lines like these, selected at random, are suggestive: "Nothing great can come without entire sincerity of purpose and of life." "Great errors may be present in a profoundly good life, and a spotless reputation may cover a meaningless existence with no positive expression of the good." "How different modern thought will look five hundred years from now! Best keep open to truth, in the certainty that there is a deep below our last rounding, and a height from which our petty hill of vision will be lost in the level plain. "After all, pleasure is not joy, and the highest happiness we have is part pain. The deepest human craving is not to have pleasurable excitement or to avoid pain: it is to touch those deeps of life where there is infinite joy—and pain."

Among the poems, of which there are some seventeen interspersed throughout the book, "The Moan of the Pine in the Forest" may be regarded as the most powerful and the most dramatic. "One Mood of the City," where

> "Fair joyous faces brightly shine beside
> Those whose wan features tell of hopeless woe,"

will impress itself lastingly upon the reader's mind. The story of Dante's life is feelingly told in "La Vita Nuove." Perhaps the best delineation to be found in the whole book is a quatrain called "A Life":

> "The strength of gentleness, the might of meekness,
> The glory of a courage unafraid,
> A constant love, a tenderness of weakness,
> Were in her face and in her life displayed."

This book is one to have near at hand, to take up again and again for stimulating thought in a weary hour, for high courage in a heavy day. L. W. S.

Notes.

A little book is dropped on the table, like manna out of the skies. It is "The Next Step in Evolution; the Present Step," by Isaac K. Funk, LL. D. The little book is absolutely packed with passages that can be quoted as gems of thought. They are almost invariably right up to the line of modern progress. They startle and they inspire. The doctrine taught is that Christ is always coming, in the process of evolution. The book will do infinite good, in the way of curing orthodox realism—to use no harsher word. It ought to put higher conceptions into the minds of those who are still teaching that Jesus is to reappear in the flesh and repeat his old life. The aptness of statement is remarkable. Here is one that plays on a word in a very excusable manner: "In the lower kingdom it is survival of the fightest; in the highest, a survival of the fittest—the struggle of life for ourselves merging into a struggle for life for others." "The yoke of ecclesiasticism is giving way to the yoke of Christ. Creed is the memory of the Church. The real yoke of Christ is not a burden; it has wings. He is sweetness and light. Let criticism have its way. Creeds today are trying to understand one another. The church is coming to believe in its present experiences. Since God is, the church and the world will not necessarily fall to pieces, if they let go their props and scaffoldings. In the inner kingdom we ask only for right disposition; this is infinitely better even than right thinking." But quotations will not serve our purpose. You will make no mistake if you buy this little handbook, and put it in your pocket to read over and over again. It blazes with commonsense, and it consumes old fogyism and bigotry without mercy.

One of the really great books of the day is "The Three Years' War," by General DeWet, published by Charles Scribner's Sons. It is a wonderful book, because the Boer war was a wonderful war, a mighty struggle of a brave people to compel mediævalism to survive into the twentieth century. We can enter fully into the spirit of this remarkable man, and yet rejoice that Krugerism has passed out of civilization. The general says: "I am no book writer, but I felt that the story of this struggle, in which a small people fought for liberty and right, is unknown by the civilized world." This is probably true, in spite of all the books that have been written on the South African war. The multitude of writers, English and American alike, have given us brilliant reports of battles and pictures of Boer life, and personal experiences, but a real history of the whole fight, from beginning to end, has never been offered us. This book is fine from the historic standpoint. I do not recall a single volume by a general of our Civil War so straightforward, so simple, and therefore so strong. The flavor of the book is not in the least less delightful, from the fact that it is everywhere permeated with piety. One chapter after another closes up with a confession of sin, or an acknowledgment of the claim of God to the fealty of nations. Chapter twenty-six gives us this paragraph—a passage which I believe is hardly equaled outside of Jewish literature for its eloquence and faith. "Give me leave, then, dear reader, to place before you the whole of the circumstances. England's great power, pitted against two republics, which, in comparison with European countries, were nearly uninhabited. This mighty empire employed against us, besides their own English, Scotch and Irish soldiers, volunteers from the Australian, New Zealand, Canadian and South African colonies; hired against us both black and white nations and what is worst of all, the national scouts from our own nation sent out against us. Think further that all harbors were closed to us, and that there were therefore no imports. Can you not see that the whole course of events was a miracle from beginning to end? A miracle of God in the eyes of every one who looks at it with an unbiased mind; but even more apparent to those who had personal experience of it. Yet, however that may be, I had to declare again that if there had been no national scouts, and no Kaffirs, in all human probability matters would have taken another turn. But as things have turned out, all that can now be said is, that we have done our best, and that to ask any one to do more is unreasonable. May it be the cry of every one, 'God willed it so—his name be praised!'"

From Little, Brown & Co. I am in receipt of "A Daughter of New France," by Mary Catherine Crowley. This novel moves along very much in the line of the work of Mrs. Catherwood. Like all novels dealing with the French settlement and the conflict of the English, it is rather a romance than a novel. It contains that essence of enthusiasm for enterprise which characterized the early French settlers. The love tale which runs through it is pure and sweet. On the whole it is a good historical novel. The field

is not any longer a new one; nor is there any novelty in the treatment of the subject. It is rightly dedicated "To all who love the romantic, chivalrous, and hallowed traditions of our country and its sister-land." Another book from the same publishing house is "The Love Letters of the King; or, The Life Romantic;" by Richard Le Gallienne. This is one of the best novels of the season. It is a book very difficult to describe; and not at all likely to suit the general reading public. It is a book for thinking people; people who can bear to have their notions challenged and who do not hesitate to challenge other people's views. It is far and away above the novel level.

From Funk & Wagnalls I am in receipt of "Jonathan: A Tragedy." It is from the pen of Mr. Thomas Ewing, son of the prominent Ohio statesman of the last generation. We have several books of late dealing with Scripture topics, many of them fresh, versatile and quite out of the line of old-fashioned religious literature. It means, probably, that we have come to a time when the Bible can be studied and comprehended as literature. As such it is a magnificent compilation, probably the grandest thing the world has produced. The Old Testament is the religious Shakespeare of humanity. We need a new class of interpreters—not mere critics, nor "higher critics," but prophets, in the best sense of the word. The Jewish people showed their rotundity of development by providing for themselves a recognized class of prophets; men whose power it was to interpret nature in the highest terms of human duty and character. The curse of modern life has been that, for several centuries, we have been forbidden to take a fresh view, or an up-to-date view, of God's nature. We have been trying to live a progressive civic life and school life, with a petrified religious life. The work of Mr. Ewing is sympathetic with modern life, and what we may call in the right sense of the word pious. The book must be judged not only by beautiful passages, but by its completeness in interpreting that passage in history, where we find such extraordinary characters as Saul, David, Jonathan and Abner and Samuel. I believe that the book will please and highly gratify every one who takes it in hand. Jonathan, bidding good-by to David, says:

"Upon thy shoulders rest
The hope of all this world. Through thee must come
A universal brotherhood, where now
Each man doth turn his arm against his neighbor.
Not in all the earth hath one appeared
On whom such hope hath rested. Art thou, David,
He that should come, or wait we for another?
Thy heart—is it so fair as thy fair face?
And is thy soul so high as thy great courage?
Canst thou upon thy slender body bear
The crushing weight of anguish cast on him,
Whose single life shall change the heart of man?
Wilt thou wear out thy life, thy soul, thy heart,
Like Moses struggling toward the promised land?
Oh, brother! stand for God, tho all the herd
Shall trample thee to dust, or wife and children—
All who may claim a seat beside thy hearth—
Shall rend thee."

I have received from Funk & Wagnalls Co., of New York, a huge volume, entitled Scientific Sidelights. This is a compilation of a most remarkable sort, by James C. Fernald, who is known in connection with the Standard Dictionary, as one of the editors. The object of the book is to illustrate thousands of topics, by collections from standard works, by the masters of science in all countries. The book is well furnished with indexes, that embrace thirty thousand topics. I have looked through the book with a good deal of interest. It is clearly not a one-sided affair, for I see among the authors quoted Tyndall, Haeckel, Prof. James, Humboldt, Spencer, Geikie, Wallace, Agassiz, Lyell, Helmholtz, Flammarion, Dr. Carpenter, Drummond, Ladd, Argyll, Fiske—all of these, and many more, quoted within three or four pages. The selections are certainly admirable for their suggestiveness. Just how valuable the book may be in the way of instruction I am not so ready to say. The book will serve admirably well in the family. Why not such a book as this to be read and discussed in the family, in the place of the Hebrew Scriptures? Old-fashioned family worship is nearly gone. What have we in the place of it? Suppose you try this volume.

The *Independent* has recently given us one of the most remarkable articles on London, written by an American mechanic, who has been employed in that city. It should be read by every one who is interested in the sociological problem, of what is to be done with city congestion. It demonstrates that there is a solidified mass, forming at the heart of the big cities, which is so far dehumanized, that it is incapable of any other life than the Parasitic. I am also exceedingly pleased to find a strongly sympathetic notice of "The Life and Letters of James Martineau." The writer says, "He was a revelation of spiritual character and power; and it is well for this generation, which seeks to be religious but scarcely knows how; which is in danger of losing God, in the many things it is trying to do to please God; that the story of the life and message of James Martineau has been told simply, and without adornment—but with sympathy and real success. It is high praise for a biographer, when at the close of his book, you do not ask who he is, nor even how he has done his work, so vivid is his picture of the man he has described—and for whom he has won so great admiration and love." These two volumes published by Dodd, Mead & Co., constitute the supremest gift of the last year's issue of books to the philosophy and faith of the people.

Attention should be called once more to that book of genius John Muir's "Our National Parks." Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. A book like this must not be overlooked in the rush of new things, simply because it has been off the press for a few months. Another book that must have emphasis placed on it is "Mutual Aid," published by McClure, Phillips & Co. I am sorry to say that Booth Tarkington's "Two VanRevels," with all its fine points, and two or three marvelously fine characters, is a long way behind "The Gentleman From Indiana." Still it is well worth the reading, simply because Mr. Tarkington keeps manhood at the front. His works invariably exalt a noble type of young manhood—hardly anything finer in recent literature—if we except that best of recent novels, "The Blazed Trail." Mrs. Crowley has done nearly as well in her "Daughter of New France," published by Little, Brown & Co. I have spoken in very high terms of the work of Mr. Marvin, called "The American Merchant Marine." I must abate a good deal from what I said because of its special pleading for that detestable principle of subsidizing other industries for the advantage of one. We went through the whole nineteenth century stumbling from prosperity to adversity, in a financial way, owing to the false principle of protecting manufactures at the expense of agriculture. All the people are now substantially agreed that our true policy is to secure the world's market, by fair competition. While abating somewhat from my praise of this volume, I wish to add somewhat to my previous comments on the work of Mr. Rufus Rockwell Wilson, entitled "New York Old and New." His two volumes constitute about the best

sample of this sort of literature that we have received for a long while. The book is intensely interesting, and intensely stimulating to research. It is published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia.

One of the handsomest books, inside and out, that has been laid on the Table recently, is "In God's Out-of-Doors," by Wm. A. Quayle, and published by Eaton and Mains, of New York. The illustrations are exquisite. I have seen nothing finer in the way of nature study. Fortunately the text is just as good as the illustrations. One chapter is on naked trees, or Winter Trees, another The Windings of a Stream; another is The Falls of St. Croix; another is A Walk Along a Railroad in June. One of the best chapters is entitled On Seeing—and the author certainly is a capital helper in this art of using the eyes. My enthusiasm grows every time I open the book. The title "In God's Out-of-Doors" is a good one. The author says "God made the Out of Doors, and loves it, and haunts it, as Jesus did the mountain and the sea. God is out there looking his premises over; and if he will let me, I will go with him. And as I look his way, to ask him if I may go, he, looking my way, before I can say a word, says, Come, let us go into my out-of-doors—and I am going with him into God's out of doors." If you have someone whom you love, and wish to please, give them this book by Quayle.

"Home and Flowers," for January, reminds me that I ought to call attention to it, as the organ of all the combined societies for civic betterment. It is doing a splendid piece of work, in helping on the ennoblement of life, both in country and in city. It is devoted to a more beautiful American life; and is published at Springfield, Ohio. *Open Court,* for January, is devoted largely to the life and works of John Wesley Powell. There is farther discussion of Tolstoi. I am happy to say that it is doing a good thing, in allowing this Russian idol to be fairly discussed.

E. P. POWELL.

To think, to see, to feel, to know, to deal justly; to bear al patiently; to act quietly; to speak cheerfully; to moderate one's voice—these things will bring you the highest good. They will bring you the love of the best and the esteem of that Sacred Few whose good opinion alone is worth cultivating. And further than this, it is the best way you can serve society—live your life. The wise way to benefit humanity is to attend to your own affairs, and thus give other people an opportunity to look after theirs.

When enough people arrive at Truth, and realize that every day is Judgment Day, and the important place is Here, and the time is Now, then we will work for a present good, and educate, not kill; love, not hate; and the men and women who educate most and best shall be honored most. The Day is dawning in the East.

People who pursue Culture usually cause her to be panic-stricken on their approach.

In the writings of genius the words are charged with a dim significance beyond their usually accepted meanings, and a reverberation beyond their sound. We do not read the great writer simply to get his views—we read him because he makes us think.

No disappointment is quite so bitter as the disappointment that comes when you are disappointed with yourself.

The Philistine.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—The wealth of a man is the number of things he loves and blesses, which he is loved and blessed by.

MON.—A loving heart is the beginning of all knowledge.

TUES.—A man is never so noble as when he is reverent.

WED.—Be true if you would be believed.

THURS.—On the whole we make too much of faults; Faults? The greatest of faults, I should say, is to have none.

FRI.—Out of the lowest depth there is a path to the loftiest height.

SAT.—Oh, there is no man, no woman, so small that they cannot make their life great by high endeavor.

—CARLYLE.

A Happy New Year.

If, when the New Year morning dawned,
Each boy throughout the land should say,
"I'll try to make my words and acts
Unselfish ones today,"

And if with faithfulness he strove
To carry out his high intent,
And had not failed when evening came
To do the thing he meant—

The storm might rage with biting breath,
But all the birds and bloom of May
Could make no fairer, brighter world
Than such a New Year's day.

Anna M. Pratt in The New World.

When President Grant Was Arrested.

There was in Washington a policeman who was known as "the man who arrested the President." The incident occurred, according to a New York daily, when the man was a green officer stationed at I street.

One evening, General Grant, who had been driving with a party of friends, was hastening homeward to meet an engagement. As the carriage, with its four horses, came tearing down the avenue, the new policeman peremptorily ordered its driver to stop.

This the executive whip meekly did. "What's the trouble?" said he.

"Trouble?" repeated the officer. "Don't you know you're driving about nine times as fast as the law allows?"

"Yes," quietly responded Grant, "I guess I was, now that you speak of it."

"Well, then, you can consider yourself under arrest, and go with me to the station house."

There were some remarks from the other occupants of the coach, among whom were a diplomat, two Senators, and a member of the Cabinet; but the President quieted them, saying, "The man is perfectly right," and then to the policeman, "Get up here, and we'll drive to the station house."

The policeman clambered up and seated himself comfortably in the seat behind the president. Possibly he dreamed of praises from his chief for the object lesson he was administering to the "swells." If so, his dream was rudely broken in upon. A quiet voice asked in his ear, "Do you know whom you have arrested?"

"No, and don't care."

"Oh, all right," rejoined the soft voice. "I only thought you ought to know that it's the president."

"Wha'a't!" gasped the agonized policeman as he leaned forward and took a look at the calm profile. There was no doubt and he begged them to let him go, but the president would have none of it.

When the station was reached the captain turned white. Apologies were made, but the president insisted upon paying the proper fine.

"I of all men should not transgress the law," said he.

The fine was paid and a promise exacted that the matter should end there, after which the president drove to the White House.—*The Well Spring.*

Our Winter Birds.

We can never know the birds unless we love them, and perhaps we love most those courageous ones who cast their lot with us "in the white of the year"; and since the species are then few and their dispositions generally confiding, winter is probably the very best time to begin to make acquaintance with our small neighbors in feathers. Instead of a diary try a bird book this year, and every day you will find the world growing more beautiful and more tuneful.

Two main sources of food supply are open to the winter birds; first, the eggs, larvæ and sleepy insects to be found under the bark and in the crevices of tree trunks; second, plant seeds, whether of wayside weeds or of birch, pine, sumach or cedar. Add to these buds, evergreen leaves and an occasional crumb from a charitable householder.

On still, bright days birds venture abroad; on cold or windy ones they congregate in some sheltered opening among thick woods. As you approach, a sprightly tap, tap, increasing to a tremolo, reveals the small, downy woodpecker, so called for a stripe of loose, soft feathers down the back of his jacket. His colors are black and white, enlivened by a patch of brilliant scarlet on the back of his head. On a neighboring tree a brown creeper is moving rapidly up the trunk, propped by his stiff, outspread tail. He is a little bird, wood-brown, finely striped with white, and if often found in company with chickadees and the dove colored or "lead blue" nuthatches. In case of heavy storms all these poor little barefeet take refuge among evergreens or ensconce themselves in the hollow of a dead tree. Very severe weather, especially late in the season, when food is scarce, will sometimes drive them to a barn or send them beating against a lighted pane.

But one bird glories in storms and dares winter to do its worst—the white bunting, snowflake or "bad weather bird." Reef your sails and make all snug when he comes, for that white-winged, whirling, swirling flock is the sure precursor of a blow. Like the blizzard, he is irregular in his visits, and common to all countries that encircle the Arctic seas.

Try a bird book instead of a diary—you who are situated that you can, with little trouble, bring yourselves into happy communion with the darlings of the feathered creation.—*Dora Read Goodale, in Exchange.*

A Meadow Song.

The wind across the meadow blows
And all the grass is like a sea:
Wave after wave its green tide flows,
And breaks in fragrance over me.

Above, the bright-winged butterfly
Flutters upon an aimless quest,
And now and then from out the sky
A weary bird drops down to rest.

There is no sound save of the grass,
The whispers of the waves' long sweep;
Listen and hear them as they pass—
A murmur—*Hush*—a murmur—*Sleep.*

—*Exchange.*

'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme—have it sterile with idleness or manured with industry, why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our own wills.—*Shakespeare.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

What He Left.

[The late Bret Harte left an estate of only $1,800. Considerable surprise is manifested, as it was thought that he had been extremely successful during his career.—From a cable dispatch.]

He was unsuccessful? So?
Yes, to them who estimate
Life as cents and dollars go,
He has left a poor estate.
But he made us all the heirs
To the creatures of his mind—
To his golden mental wares—
All of these he left behind.

He has left us smile and song;
Left us beatings of the heart
That will thrill us over long
With the magic of his art;
Left us laughs and left us tears;
Left us pictures fair to see—
All the fruitage of his years
Left us for a legacy.

Unsuccessful? Was he, then?
Are not tales such as he told—
Of good women and brave men—
Just as rich as virgin gold?
All this mintage of his mind—
War and peace and joy and hate—
All this he has left behind.
Surely it is an estate!

—*Chicago Tribune.*

Foreign Notes.

PRESERVATION OF THE ANCIENT MONUMENTS OF INDIA.—One sees so much, apparently not unjustified, criticism of Lord Curzon in certain Calcutta papers that one takes special note of words of praise. *New India* in a recent issue, after characterizing the Viceroy as a man gifted with such a nice taste for the fine arts and such a genuine respect for antiquity that he could not fail to be struck with the beauty and glory of the ancient monuments of India, quotes with approval these words from his reply to an address of welcome presented to him by the Ajmere municipality:

"When I was here the Ana Sagar lake had not a drop of water in it, the marble embankment had been disfigured, partly by vandalism, partly by decay, and the buildings upon it had either been converted into European dwelling houses or were in ruins. Now we have restored all these beauties as far as possible to the pristine state, and Shah Jehan's 'Garden of Splendor,' with its marble terrace and fairy pavilions, shining and reflected in the waters once more, deserves, at least to some extent, its ancient name. We have also done a good deal for the proper preservation of the exquisite Arhia-Din-Ka-Jhonpra mosque and if our restorations have not been accomplished within the two and a half days which are supposed in the legends to have sufficed for the original erection of the building, I hope we may urge that, though doubtless less skilful, we have also shown ourselves less hurried workmen than our predecessors. The policy of archæological conservation and restoration with which I charged myself soon after I came to India is now, I am glad to say, bearing its first fruits in all parts of the country, and when the time comes for me to go, I not only hope that the Government of India may be able to point to the good

work already achieved, but that the principle of state responsibility, state interest and state outlay on these objects may have taken such deep root that never again will it be ignored. India not only possesses what is in my opinion by far the most wonderful and varied collection of ancient monuments in the world. I want them to be the best looked after, the most respectfully handled, the most tenderly restored. One of the first duties of the present is reverence for whatever was beautiful or noble in the past."

AMERICAN SWEET POTATOES IN INDIA.—The same paper speaks of "his old, familiar sweet potatoes" as one of the pleasant surprises for the Indian visitor in America. As these, like many other vegetables, reach a state of perfection over there that is hardly attained in India or elsewhere, attempts have recently been made to introduce and acclimatize in India the improved American varieties. Three such, the Nansemond, New Jersey and Virginia, were imported and tried last year. Mr. Mollison, Inspector General of Agriculture in India, reports that these were first tried on the Bombay farms. The first crop was propagated from the imported tubers, the second from cuttings in the usual way. A large proportion of cuttings from the first crop was distributed to various parts of India, so that only about one-quarter of an acre was planted for the second Bombay crop; an area too small for a very reliable estimate of returns. This crop, however, furnished a large number of cuttings for distribution, as well as for planting an extended area at Bombay Farms. These three varieties have now been grown in various kinds of soil in the Punjab, Bengal, the Central Provinces and Bombay, and their introduction is pronounced by the Inspector General of Agriculture an undoubted success. Full details for their cultivation are given in his Agricultural Text-Book, and cuttings for experimental trials may be obtained during October at the Agricultural Office at Nagpur.

WIDOW MARRIAGES.—Dr. R. G. Bhandarkar, addressing as its president a Provincial Social Conference at Sholapur last October, expressed himself thus on the progress of reform in the direction of child and widow marriages in India:

"As respects early marriage, there has been a perceptible improvement in the case of boys, who in rare cases are at present married before the age of eighteen, at least in those classes that have come under the influence of new ideas. But the improvement in the case of girls is very little. In some cases they are kept unmarried till twelve, but even that I consider to be a very early age. As regards widow marriage, the first on this side was solemnized in the year 1869, and there have been a good many more since then, but the number is far from satisfactory, and this reform, I may, without contradiction, say, has not penetrated very widely into our society. Even highly educated natives without the slightest compunction, when they become widowers, even when they are themselves forty-five or more, marry a girl of ten or twelve instead of a grown up widow. A good many are afraid openly to enter into social relations with a remarried widow and her husband. In connection with this, I may say that the heartless custom of sacrificing little girls by mating them with old men fifty and sixty years of age still continues to flourish, and, it grieves my heart to say, even among educated men, *alumni* of the Deccan and the Elphinstone colleges. The plague which has been committing dire ravages in our country has thrown many a female child into the condition of widowhood, but there has been no educated man during these five years to rescue any one of these helpless creatures from her pitiable state. So that widow-marriage, upon the whole, seems to have made very little progress."

Among resolutions passed by this Social Conference was one to this effect: "This Conference views with great pain the havoc caused in many a Hindu home by the plague and urges all friends of reform to further the cause of widow-marriage by bringing home to the public the great increase that has been caused by the dire epidemic in the number of our unfortunate and helpless young widows, and in this manner and otherwise enlisting the sympathies or active help of as large a number as possible." M. E. H.

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Studies of Trees in Winter, Huntington, net $2.25.
New France and New England, Fiske, net $1.65.
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